

February – March 2014 Adventure in Kansai



February 28, Day 1

It's the first day of a one week adventure traveling mainly by hitchhiking! I'm on my way to Kansai of which the principle cities are Kyoto, Osaka and Kobe. Today's destination was Osaka.



Mr. Washio, the Subaru Car Company worker who previously picked me up two weeks before.

I hitchhiked again from Niigata City to Osaka. This time I made it in record time arriving directly at my friend's house at 4:50 P.M.! And it was totally void of any cost for transportation.

The first driver was a young man, Mr. Washio. I met him three weeks before during my last trip to Osaka. He took me to the same place as before on Route 8.

In less than a minute waiting on Route 8 a driver stopped and took me close to the Sanjo-Tsubame Interchange of the Hokuriku Expressway. Normally from that point I would take a highway bus 6 kilometers further up to the Sakae parking area, but this time I felt led to hitchhike at the interchange, a practice I used to do. This was probably the main reason I arrived to Osaka so quickly, for at 9:15 a.m. a man going all the way to Kanazawa picked me up! Kanazawa is just over half the distance to Osaka, about 300 kilometers from home. Catching a ride at the interhchange saved time waiting for the bus and the time I probably would have waited at Sakae.

The driver's name was Mr. Shimada. He has a rather dangerous job of repairing the surface of the insides of underground gasoline tanks at gas stations. Sometimes they explode sending the worker flying in the air.

Mr. Shimada took me to Oyabegawa Service area in Toyama Prefecture. I choose to get off there rather than go all the way to Kanazawa before it's always best to hitchhike at major service areas of the expressway rather than get off the expressway and hitchhike at the interchange entrance.



Young man from Fukuoka who has been hitchhiking for the past 40 days in Hokkaido and Tohoku

At Oyabegawa, lo and behold, I saw another hitchhiker was standing waiting for cars! He was a young man from Fukuoka City in Kyushu. His signboard says, "Ishikawa" the next prefecture past Toyama. As I talked with him two other men approached us. One asked me how old I am, "I'm 63," I replied. He put his hands on my shoulders and said, "You're really healthy and going strong!" The second man offered to take both me and the young man hitchhiker to Tokumitsu Service Area in Ishikawa which is just past Kanazawa.

At Tokumitsu I parted with the young man saying it was best we stand in different places. The place where he stood gave him the first opportunity to meet people while I stood near the exit of the service area just before cars reenter the expressway. An older couple on their way to Fukui stopped. They said they saw the young man which meant I caught the first ride.



Mr. Sakamoto who took me to my very destination in Osaka.

The final Car, driver #8, took me from Taga Service Area in Shiga Prefecture all the way to my very destination in Osaka! He name is Mr Sakamoto and he was very friendly and talkative.

March 1st. Day 2

Today my goal was to hitchhike to Kainan City in Wakayama Prefecture to meet up with a Facebook friend, Naomi, who I had never met face to face before. We have been in touch for at least a couple years. She's an English teacher. I first came in contact with her after she saw my web page about fixing Japanese paper shoji doors and wrote me an email about it.

I had never tried to hitchhike to Wakayama Prefecture before and didn't know the roads well. Mr. Sakamoto from the day before advised me to stand at the Chou Kanjo bypass entrance which is just a 10 minute walk from where I was. In only a few minutes a man in a light truck stopped. He said he would take me to entrance of the Kinki Expressway which connects to an expressway going to Wakayama.

The spot where I ended up was too dangerous to hitchhike. There was a great amount of traffic. Cars were whizzing by past me too fast. I left the Chou Kanjo bypass and searched for a safer place on the regular road that would run into the Kinki Expressway entrance.

After walking a considerable distance getting lost and walking even the wrong direction, two people gave me guidance and I found a good road to hitchhike on. I held out to the drivers a paper sign that says "To Kinki Expressway" but everybody ignored me. I realized then that most of those drivers would probably *not* be entering the Kinki Expressway.



Mr. Aoki, the Nichirensu truck driver who took me to the Kinki Expressway entrance.

It was still 9:00 a.m. and my appointment in Kainan was not until 2:p.m. I was pacing myself. If I could not get a ride in an hour, I would take the train so as not to be late for the appointment.

About 30 minutes later a truck driver offered to take me further up the road which would bring me to the very entrance of the Kinki. His name is Mr. Aoki and he was driving a large truck, the kind that normally does not stop for me. Mr. Aoki is a member of the Nichirensu Buddhist sect. He zealously explained the doctrines of Nichiren, but they made no sense to me at all. However Mr. Aoki is such a friendly guy, and we became Facebook friends.



Mr. Tatebayashi who took me to Kainan city in Wakayama Prefecture. Behind him is his friend who will accompany him to see the other friend in the hospital.

The final ride was a total miracle! After about 30 minutes, a man on his way home to another part of Osaka stopped for me. His name is Mr. Tatebayashi and he seemed surprised to learn I was on my way to Kainan city. Kainan is his home town and he was thinking of going there to see a friend in the hospital who just had a serious automobile accident. Though Mr. Tatebayashi was on his way back home without intending to go to Kainan that day, he decided to go there for my sake and because he needed to make the trip eventually anyway!

He told me a Japanese proverb I had often heard from drivers while traveling, "Tabi wa michizure, yo wa nasake" which means, "No road is long with good company". I arrived at Kainan City a little before 11 a.m. – 3 hours before my appointment to see Naomi.

March 2st. Day 3

Today I successfully hitchhiked from the Suita Service Area in Osaka to Otsu City in Shiga. This is going back the direction I came from Niigata. But it's not far and was a piece of cake to get to.

The first car were 3 ladies. The driver said they were on their way to Kyoto and could not take me to Otsu. I asked if she would take me only as far as the Katsuragawa Service area just before Kyoto. No problem she said.



The driver of the first car which took me close to Kyoto.

They were on their way to a concert. All were friendly and talkative. Most Japanese find it interesting that a man of my age travels by hitchhiking.

The second car was a young couple married only two years. When I told them I do Christian wedding ceremonies, they asked me if I could do the wedding vows for them. I replied the vows first to the husband and then his wife. The both replied, "Hai, chikaimasu!" "I affirm."



The married couple who took me to Otsu.

March 9, Day 10

I hitchhiked back to Niigata from Osaka in 5 cars. The last car was a nice couple who asked to photograph me. I subsequently photographed them!



A couple who took me from Nadachitanihama SA to Mitsuke station which is only a short train ride home.

[February 26, 2014 Hitchhike Adventure to Aomori](#)



Route 345 and the Sea of Japan near Majima Station, Murakami City, Niigata Prefecture.

Today was partially overcast with dark snow clouds. It snowed from time to time. Nevertheless I made it as far as Odate City in 8 vehicles.

Car #2 was Mr. Kawahara who works with Honda motor company selling car parts. I may see him again at the local Home Center in March. He took me to Tsuruoka city. From there a lady took me a bit further to the Route 7 bypass in Tsuruoka.

Car #4 was Mr. Masayuki Morita who took me from Tsuruoka City to exactly where I wanted to go in Sakata City, about 20 kilometers up the road. His destination was actually only part way to Sakata. Mr. Morita understands hitchhikers well because he himself is an experienced hitchhiker who traveled 10 years ago all the way to the southern end of Kyushu island to the city of Kanoshima! It took him 5 days!

It was snowing rather heavily when I got to Ikura Sakura just past Akita City. A lady, driver #7, offered me a ride. She saw my sign that said "Noshiro" which is the next major town up the road. Before getting in the car, the lady confessed to me she suffers from panic attacks. After sitting next to her in the front seat, I immediately laid my hand on her shoulder and prayed for her healing in the Name of Jesus Christ! She smiled and seemed to appreciate it. She's on medicine. I told her panic attacks is a spiritual problem that can only be solved though spiritual – good counseling and reading wholesome books, especially the Bible.



Ishikawa in HIrosaki City, a scene on my way walking to the Tohoku expressway IC.



Truck that took me to Chojahara SA
in Miyagi Prefecture.

The next day on the way back I successfully hitchhiked all the way home on the Tohoku Expressway! The very first vehicle was a truck on the way to Sendai. It's very rare for long distance truck drivers to pick me up these days.

The second car was two ladies on their way to Murata city just past Sendai. I was thankful to go with them to get past Sendai. They took me to Sugo parking area.



Tourist Bus to
Adatara SA

The 3rd vehicle was a tourist bus with two ladies, the driver and the guide! I think this is only the 3rd or 4th time ever to get picked up by a bus! They took me to Adatara SA which is just before the Banetsu Junction in Fukushima Prefecture. It was getting dark by the time we arrived which made a blurry photo.

Mid Winter Hitchhike Adventure to Aomori



Route 345 near Majima station, Murakami City, Niigata Prefecture

February 15, 2014 According to yesterday's weather forecast, I expected it to

snow all day and was prepared to take a train from Niigata City to Hirosaki in Aomori Prefecture. But at 7:30 a.m. because the weather was fair, I decided to get off the train at Majima station and hitchhike.

The traffic was sparse. After 30 minutes waiting at the spot on the road which you see in the photo, I decided to walk. This way I would stay warmer. I hoped drivers would take pity on me seeing me in a more isolated spot away from the town. Today was the longest walk I had up Route 345 – a full hour. A man in a fine car offered to take me 10 kilometers further. Later he decided to take me as far as Route 7 which was much better for me. Route 7 is the main highway going to Hirosaki.



Couple who took me 190 kilometers
to Akita Station

After a relatively short wait near the intersection of Route 7 and Route 345, a couple on their way to Akita City pulled up and offered me a ride. Going all the way to Akita city in a single ride is outstanding! It has taken me as many as 6 cars to get that distance! The ride was a good 3 hours. They were interested in why I hitchhike and all the various experiences I've had hitchhiking.

From Akita station I took a train to Ikawa Sakura station, 400 yen distance, and hitchhiked again. Three vehicles with two drivers who were ladies took me to Odate Station from where I got a train the rest of the way. It started to snow and was getting dark by the time I got to Odate.



Route 7 Nagamine, Akita Prefecture. Home is 400 kilometers ahead.

After my business the next day, I took a train to Nagamine Station and hitchhiked on the road you see in the photo above. The driver, a young man, took me to the desolate area you see in the photo which was about 15 kilometers further up the road.



Part way from Nagamine to Odate.

I didn't exactly relish getting off there because I knew traffic would be sparse, but the first driver who saw me stopped! It was a light truck. The driver was on his way to Odate City. He took me to the entrance of the bypass which would take me to the other side of Odate.



Miss Ako who took me to Akita Station from Odate, about 100 kilometers distance.

My last experience at that location was a long wait of over an hour. I decided to now show my sign showing the destination of Akita City and held out my thumb instead. I learned there is a time to use a sign, and not to use one. It bore fruit and I got a ride to the other side of Odate from an older gentleman only a few minutes later. He took me to a convenience store and advised me to wait for cars from customers who stop at the store. He also advised me to show drivers my Akita sign. I heeded his advice. Only a few minutes a young lady pulled up, smiled and offered me a ride!

Her name is Ako Yoshida, 36, single and works as a personnel director at a shopping center in Odate. It was very pleasant to talk to her the next hour. I hope to see her again.

2014 Winter Hitchhike Adventure to Osaka



On a snowy morning of January 17, after a 5 minute bike ride to the local train station where I park my bicycle and from where I walk to the highway, just a few meters away from the station my right foot slipped on the snow, hit a rock in the road, and my ankle twisted badly with excruciating pain! January 17th was to be the first long hitchhike trip this year. I was headed to Tokyo which is about 300 kilometers or 188 miles from home.

I hobbled back to the train station to inspect the damage. My ankle was visibly swollen as you see in the photo. I thought I might still be OK to travel. There was a train coming soon that would take me as far as the

Hokuriku Expressway interchange. But upon further reflection and increasing pain, I decided to abort the trip. Thankfully I didn't have to limp in pain back home. I had the bicycle to ride back with.



Medical equipment consultants from Sendai. They took me from Yoneyama SA to Kureha parking area in Toyama Prefecture.

After praying for healing in the Name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and applying a liberal amount of God's natural peppermint oil from the [Young Living Essential Oils](#) company thanks to the good advice of my friend Jonas who lives in Satama, by February 7th the ankle healed to the point I could walk without a limp again! There was no urgent need to travel to Tokyo at this time, and because my friends in Kyoto and Otsu city in the Kansai area wanted to see me, so I decided to travel to Kansai which includes Osaka and Kobe.

The first destination was Osaka, 606 kilometers or 379 miles from where I live in Niigata City. It's only 40 some minutes drive past Kyoto. This time I hitchhiked it in 9 vehicles in 13 hours. This includes time walking from home to the local highway, and taking a short bus ride in Osaka. The total cost of transportation was 210 yen or about \$2.00 US.

It took me two rides to get to the Hokuriku expressway in Sanjo city, about 27 kilometers from home. The second car was a man in his 70s. He stopped about 100 meters up Route 8. I wasn't sure he was stopping for me but sure enough, he was! The man was on his way to Nagaoka City. He graciously took me to Sakae parking area which saved me the usual 180 yen bus fare from Sanjo where most people drop me off.

The weather was mostly fair. It snowed a little bit at Yoneyama service area. In this part of Japan sprinklers are used to melt the snow. I had to be careful where I walked not to get my feet or legs wet.

I got stuck for about an hour at Fudojo parking area just before Kanazawa. A van with 4 ladies and 2 men took me just past Kanazawa to Tokumitsu SA, a much larger service area. This is the halfway mark and it was only 2 p.m.! I knew I would make it to Osaka that day.



Driver #8: Man from Noda City who took me from Onagatani parking just before Fukui City to Shizugataka Service Area in Shiga Prefecture.

The final car, #9, was the most fun. A lady with 4 young children on her way to Kobe saw my Osaka sign and pulled over. She spoke in English and asked me

what I was doing. I told her I am a missionary who shares the Gospel of Jesus Christ with the Japanese. She asked me for an ID and I handed her my alien registration card. Normally people do not interrogate me before boarding their vehicle, but I could understand her concern seeing that the ages of her four children ranged from 14 to only 11 months old! Her name is Kanako and she became convinced I am who I say I am and told me to get in the back with her 3 younger children.

It was fun because I was able to help care for the 11 month old baby. I fed him small pieces of bread. When he began to cry Kanako asked me to sing him, "Amazing Grace". The baby stopped crying immediately! And I had a lively conversation with Kanako who lived 4 years in Kentucky studying at a university. First we spoke mostly in English but then for some reason toward the end she switched to Japanese. Was it to test me? If so, I passed.

After visiting friends in Osaka, Kyoto and Otsu city in Shiga Prefecture which is the neighboring city to Kyoto, I hitchhiked back to Niigata from Otsu Service area in only 4 vehicles.



American Sherry and Japanese
Takashi



Takashi's and Sherry's 3 legged
dog.

The drivers of car #2 who took me to Toyama Prefecture from Shiga were the most interesting. It was a Japanese / American couple, Takashi and Sherry who were on their way home. They had 3 little dogs with them, and one of the dogs only has 3 legs! It was born that way. They rescued it from an animal shelter.

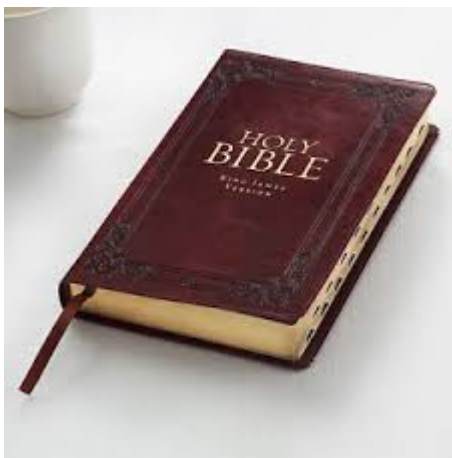
I love dogs and showed her the photos of the 3 dogs I've cared for so far since living in Niigata. Sherry is from Sacramento where I used to live when an Airman stationed at McClellan AFB in 1971. I was very impressed at how well Takashi spoke English and the amount of his vocabulary. He even knows words like "oxymoron". Probably 99% of Japanese people who speak English do not know that word.

The last driver, car number 4 was on his way to Noda City in Chiba. At first he said he would take me to Nadachitanihama which is just before Joetsu City but then changed his mind and took me all the way to Ozumi Parking area just before Nagaoka.

The man is a mountain climber who climbed most of the famous mountains in Japan. He also climbed mountains in the USA, and hitchhiked with two other men from Yosemite Park in California to Yellowstone park in Wyoming. It took them four days!

It was dark when I arrived at Ozumi parking area near Nagaoka. The parking area is small and the cars few. But this parking area had a convenient highway bus stop which many parking areas do not have, and it was only 10 minutes wait till the next bus. I took it to Tsubame Sanjo. From there I walked about an hour to Higashi Sanjo station, and then took a train home. The total cost of transportation that day was 1070 yen, about \$11.00.

Should a Christian observe the Sabbath?



Colossians 2:16 ¶**Let no man therefore judge you** in meat, or in drink, or in respect of an holyday, or of the new moon, or of the **sabbath days**:

I admire my Seventh Day Adventist friends for their love for God's Word and obedience to what they believe God's Word is telling them to do, but as far as Sabbath day observance goes, the bottom line for me is the New Testament does not teach it! In Acts chapter 15 when the Apostles disputed whether the Gentiles need to keep the Laws of Moses or not, the conclusion was they need to keep only 4 precepts:

Acts 15:20 But that we write unto them, that they abstain from
(1) pollutions of idols,
(2) and from fornication,
(3) and from things strangled,
(4) and from blood.

Notice Sabbath day observance is *not* one of them!

I don't judge my SDA friends for feeling it necessary to observe the Sabbath, and I do think it is important to take at least one day a week off to rest,

pray, and have more time study God's Word, but the New Testament does not tell me that day of rest must Saturday.

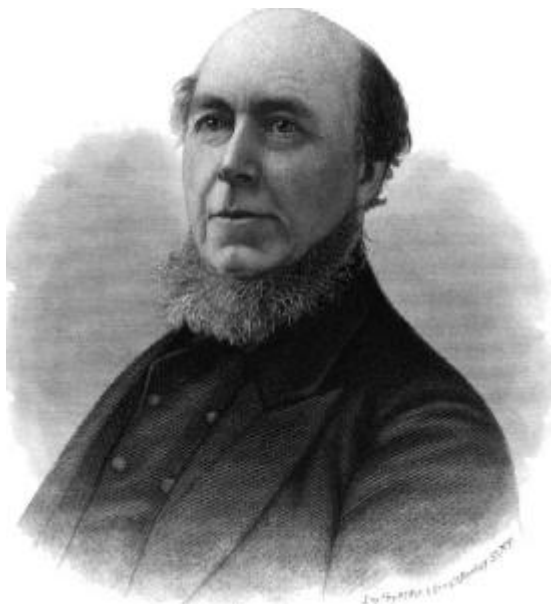
Born and raised in a North Korean concentration camp



The story of Shin Dong-Hyuk who was born on November 19, 1982 into slavery as a political prisoner in a North Korean concentration camp. He never knew love or affection from his parents. He barely had enough to eat. He was tortured by prison guards when 14 years old after his mother and brother tried to escape. He eventually managed to escape and is now living in South Korea.

Dennis Rodman visits a country whose oppressive and tyrannical government is starving its own people in the countryside and abusing them in concentration camps. He goes there to play basketball and fraternize with the "Great Leader"? Dennis, shame on you!

Catholic priest takes away widow's last resource of food to pay for Mass for her dead husband



Charles Chiniquy

This is from chapter 5 of Charles Chiniquy's book "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome." I enjoy sharing my favorite stories from that book with my wife to help her learn English and for the pure inspiration of learning lessons from one of the most godly Christian authors I have ever read.

The Priest, Purgatory, and the Poor Widow's Cow

I arrived at home on the 17th of July, 1821, and spent the afternoon and evening till late by my father's side. With what pleasure did he see me working difficult problems in algebra, and even in geometry! for under my teacher, Mr. Jones, I had really made rapid progress in those branches. More than once I noticed tears of joy in my father's eyes when, taking my slate, he saw that my calculations were correct. He also examined me in grammar. "What an admirable teacher this Mr. Jones must be," he would say, "to have advanced a child so much in the short space of fourteen months!"

How sweet to me, but how short, were those hours of happiness passed between my good mother and my father! We had family worship. I read the fifteenth chapter of Luke, the return of the prodigal son. My mother then sang a hymn of joy and gratitude, and I went to bed with my heart full of happiness to take the sweetest sleep of my life. But, O God! what an awful awakening Thou hadst prepared for me!

About four o'clock in the morning heartrending screams fell upon my ear. I recognized my mother's voice.

"What is the matter, dear mother?"

"Oh, my dear child, you have no more a father! He is dead!"

In saying these words she lost consciousness and fell on the floor!

While a friend who had passed the night with us gave her proper care, I hastened to my father's bed. I pressed him to my heart, I kissed him, I covered him with my tears, I moved his head, I pressed his hands, I tried to lift him up on his pillow: I could not believe that he was dead! It seemed to me that even if dead he would come back to life that God could not thus take my father away from me at the very moment when I had come back to him after so long an absence! I knelt to pray to God for the life of my father. But my tears and cries were useless. He was dead! He was already cold as ice!

Two days after he was buried. My mother was so overwhelmed with grief that she could not follow the funeral procession. I remained with her as her only earthly support. Poor mother! How many tears thou hast shed! What sobs came from thine afflicted heart in those days of supreme grief!

Though I was very young, I could understand the greatness of our loss, and I mingled my tears with those of my mother.

What pen can portray what takes place in the heart of a woman when God takes suddenly her husband away in the prime of his life, and leaves her alone, plunged in misery, with three small children, two of whom are even too young to know their loss! How long are the hours of the day for the poor widow who is left alone, and without means, among strangers! How painful the sleepless night to the heart which has lost everything! How empty a house is left by the eternal absence of him who was its master, support, and father! Every object in the house and every step she takes remind her of her loss and sinks the sword deeper which pierces her heart. Oh, how bitter are the tears which flow from her eyes when her youngest child, who as yet does not understand the mystery of death, throws himself into her arms and says: "Mamma, where is papa? Why does he not come back? I am lonely!"

My poor mother passed through those heartrending trials. I heard her sobs during the long hours of the day, and also during the longer hours of the night. Many times I have seen her fall upon her knees to implore God to be merciful to her and to her three unhappy orphans. I could do nothing then to comfort her, but love her, pray and weep with her!

Only a few days had elapsed after the burial of my father when I saw Mr. Courtois, the parish priest, coming to our house (he who had tried to take away our Bible from us). He had the reputation of being rich, and as we were poor and unhappy since my father's death, my first thought was that he had come to comfort and to help us. I could see that my mother had the same hopes. She welcomed him as an angel from heaven. The least gleam of hope is so sweet to one who is unhappy!

From his very first words, however, I could see that our hopes were not to be realized. He tried to be sympathetic, and even said something about the confidence that we should have in God, especially in times of trial; but his words were cold and dry.

Turning to me, he said:

"Do you continue to read the Bible, my little boy?"

"Yes, sir," answered I, with a voice trembling with anxiety, for I feared that he would make another effort to take away that treasure, and I had no longer a father to defend it.

Then, addressing my mother, he said:

"Madam, I told you that it was not right for you or your child to read that book."

My mother cast down her eyes, and answered only by the tears which ran down her cheeks.

That question was followed by a long silence, and the priest then continued:

"Madam, there is something due for the prayers which have been sung, and the services which you requested to be offered for the repose of your husband's soul. I will be very much obliged to you if you pay me that little debt."

"Mr. Courtis," answered my mother, "my husband left me nothing but debts. I have only the work of my own hands to procure a living for my three children, the eldest of whom is before you. For these little orphans' sake, if not for mine, do not take from us the little that is left."

"But, madam, you do not reflect. Your husband died suddenly and without any preparation; he is therefore in the flames of purgatory. If you want him to be delivered, you must necessarily unite your personal sacrifices to the prayers of the Church and the masses which we offer."

"As I said, my husband has left me absolutely without means, and it is impossible for me to give you any money," replied my mother.

"But, madam, your husband was for a long time the only notary of Mal Bay. He surely must have made much money. I can scarcely think that he has left you without any means to help him now that his desolation and sufferings are far greater than yours."

"My husband did indeed coin much money, but he spent still more. Thanks to God, we have not been in want while he lived. But lately he got this house built, and what is still due on it makes me fear that I will lose it. He also bought a piece of land not long ago, only half of which is paid and I will, therefore, probably not be able to keep it. Hence I may soon, with my poor orphans, be deprived of everything that is left us. In the meantime I hope, sir, that you are not a man to take away from us our last piece of bread."

"But, madam, the masses offered for the rest of your husband's soul must be paid for," answered the priest.

My mother covered her face with her handkerchief and wept.

As for me, I did not mingle my tears with hers this time. My feelings were not those of grief, but of anger and unspeakable horror. My eyes were fixed on the face of that man who tortured my mother's heart. I looked with tearless eyes upon the man who added to my mother's anguish, and made her

weep more bitterly than ever. My hands were clenched, as if ready to strike. All my muscles trembled; my teeth chattered as if from intense cold. My greatest sorrow was my weakness in the presence of that big man, and my not being able to send him away from our house, and driving him far away from my mother.

I felt inclined to say to him: "Are you not ashamed, you who are so rich, to come to take away the last piece of bread from our mouths?" But my physical and moral strength were not sufficient to accomplish the task before me, and I was filled with regret and disappointment.

After a long silence, my mother raised her eyes, reddened with tears, towards the priest and said:

"Sir, you see that cow in the meadow, not far from our house? Her milk and the butter made from it form the principal part of my children's food. I hope you will not take her away from us. If, however, such a sacrifice must be made to deliver my poor husband's soul from purgatory, take her as payment of the masses to be offered to extinguish those devouring flames."

The priest instantly arose, saying, "Very well, madam," and went out.

Our eyes anxiously followed him; but instead of walking towards the little gate which was in front of the house, he directed his steps towards the meadow, and drove the cow before him in the direction of his home.

At that sight I screamed with despair: "Oh, my mother! he is taking our cow away! What will become of us?"

Lord Nairn had given us that splendid cow when it was three months old. Her mother had been brought from Scotland, and belonged to one of the best breeds of that country. I fed her with my own hands, and had often shared my bread with her. I loved her as a child always loves an animal which he has brought up himself. She seemed to understand and love me also. From whatever distance she could see me, she would run to me to receive my caresses, and whatever else I might have to give her. My mother herself milked her; and her rich milk was such delicious and substantial food for us.

My mother also cried out with grief as she saw the priest taking away the only means heaven had left her to feed her children.

Throwing myself into her arms, I asked her: "Why have you given away our cow? What will become of us? We shall surely die of hunger?"

"Dear child," she answered. "I did not think the priest would be so cruel as to take away the last resource which God had left us. Ah! if I had believed him to be so unmerciful I would never have spoken to him as I did. As you say, my dear child, what will become of us? But have you not often read to me in your Bible that God is the Father of the widow and the orphan? We shall pray to that God who is willing to be your father and mine: He will listen to us, and see our tears. Let us kneel down and ask Him to be merciful to us, and to give us back the support which the priest deprived us."

We both knelt down. She took my right hand with her left, and, lifting the other hand towards heaven, she offered a prayer to the God of mercies for her poor children such as I have never since heard. Her words were often choked by her sobs. But when she could not speak with her voice, she spoke with her burning eyes raised to heaven, and with her hand uplifted. I also prayed to God with her, and repeated her words, which were broken by my sobs.

When her prayer was ended she remained for a long time pale and trembling. Cold sweat was flowing on her face, and she fell on the floor. I thought she was going to die. I ran for cold water, which I gave her, saying: "Dear mother! Oh, do not leave me alone upon earth!" After drinking a few drops she felt better, and taking my hand, she put it to her trembling lips; then drawing me near her, and pressing me to her bosom, she said: "Dear child, if ever you become a priest, I ask of you never to be so hard-hearted towards poor widows as are the priests of today." When she said these words, I felt her burning tears falling upon my cheek.

The memory of these tears has never left me. I felt them constantly during the twenty-five years I spent in preaching the inconceivable superstitions of Rome.

I was not better, naturally, than many of the other priests. I believed, as they did, the impious fables of purgatory; and as well as they (I confess it to my shame), if I refused to take, or if I gave back the money of the poor, I accepted the money which the rich gave me for the masses I said to extinguish the flames of that fabulous place. But the remembrance of my mother's words and tears has kept me from being so cruel and unmerciful towards the poor widows as Romish priests are, for the most part, obliged to be.

When my heart, depraved by the false and impious doctrines of Rome, was tempted to take money from widows and orphans, under pretense of my long prayers, I then heard the voice of my mother, from the depth of her sepulchre, saying, "My dear child, do not be cruel towards poor widows and orphans, as are the priests of today." If, during the days of my priesthood at Quebec, at Beauport, and Kamarouska, I have given almost all that I had to feed and clothe the poor, especially the widows and orphans, it was not owing to my being better than others, but it was because my mother had spoken to me with words never to be forgotten. The Lord, I believe, had put into my mother's mouth those words, so simple but so full of eloquence and beauty, as one of His great mercies towards me. Those tears the hand of Rome has never been able to wipe off: those words of my mother the sophisms of Popery could not make me forget.

How long, O Lord, shall that insolent enemy of the gospel, the Church of Rome, be permitted to fatten herself upon the tears of the widow and of the orphan by means of that cruel and impious invention of paganism purgatory? Wilt Thou not be merciful unto so many nations which are still the victims of that great imposture? Oh, do remove the veil which covers the eyes of the priests and people of Rome, as Thou hast removed it from mine! Make them to understand that their hopes of purification must not rest on these fabulous fires, but only on the blood of the Lamb shed on Calvary to save the world.

The 31 Jesuit Generals



Ignatius of Loyola, the first Superior General.

I took from Wikipedia a list of Superior Generals of the Society of Jesus (Jesuits) and made a chart showing which Popes reigned during that particular Jesuit General's rule. A Jesuit General is also known as the "Black Pope" and the existing Pope is called the "White Pope." As you see there have been more Popes, 50 totaled, compared to only 30 Jesuit Generals! What does that imply? Does it mean the Jesuit General gets rid of any Pope he doesn't like? Their favorite method of assassination is poisoning. Pope John Paul I lived only 33 days!

1. Ignatius of Loyola April 19, 1541 – July 31, 1556	Paul III Julius III Marcellus II Paul IV
2. Diego Laynez July 2, 1558 – January 19, 1565	Pius IV
3. Francis Borgia July 2, 1565 – October 1, 1572	Pius V
4. Everard Mercurian April 23, 1573 – August 1, 1580	Gregory XIII Sixtus V Urban VII Gregory XIV
5. Claudio Acquaviva February 19, 1581 – January 31, 1615	Innocent IX Clement VIII Leo XI Paul V
6. Mutio Vitelleschi November 15, 1615 – February 9, 1645	Gregory XV Urban VIII
7. Vincenzo Carafa January 7, 1646 – June 8, 1649	Innocent X
8. Francesco Piccolomini December 21, 1649 – June 17, 1651	Innocent X

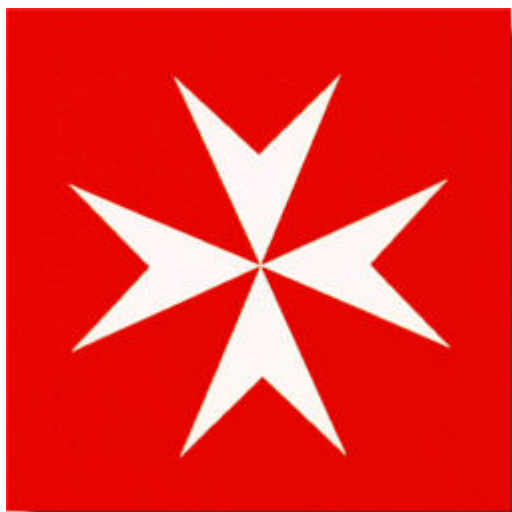
9. Aloysius Gottifredi January 21, 1652 – March 12, 1652	Innocent X
10. Goschwin Nickel March 17, 1652 – July 31, 1664	Alexander VII
11. Giovanni Paolo Oliva July 31, 1664 – November 26, 1681	Clement IX Clement X Innocent XI
12. Charles de Noyelle July 5, 1682 – December 12, 1686	Alexander VIII
13. Thyrsus González de Santalla July 6, 1687 – October 27, 1705	Innocent XII Clement XI
14. Michelangelo Tamburini January 31, 1706 – February 28, 1730	Innocent XIII Benedict XIII
15. Franz Retz March 7, 1730 – November 19, 1750	Clement XII
16. Ignacio Visconti July 4, 1751 – May 4, 1755	Benedict XIV
17. Aloysius Centurione November 30, 1755 – October 2, 1757	Benedict XIV
18. Lorenzo Ricci October 17, 1782 – October 21, 1785	Clement XIII Clement XIV Pius VI
19. Tadeusz Brzozowsk August 7, 1814 – February 5, 1820	Pius VII
20. Luigi Fortis October 18, 1820 – January 27, 1829	Leo XII
21. Jan Roothaan July 9, 1829 – May 8, 1853	Pius VIII Gregory XVI Pius IX
22. Peter Jan Beckx August 2, 1853 – March 4, 1887	Leo XIII
23. Anton Anderledy March 4, 1887 – January 18, 1892 Berisal,	Leo XIII
24. Luis Martín October 2, 1892 – April 18, 1906	Pius X
25. Franz Xavier Wernz September 8, 1906 – August 20, 1914	Pius X
26. Włodimir Ledóchowski February 11, 1915 – December 13, 1942	Benedict XV
27. Jean-Baptiste Janssens September 15, 1946 – October 5, 1964	Pius XII John XXIII
28. Pedro Arrupe May 22, 1965 – September 3, 1983	Paul VI John Paul I
29. Peter Hans Kolvenbach September 13, 1983 – January 14, 2008	John Paul II Benedict XVI
30. Adolfo Nicolás January 19, 2008 – October 3, 2016	Benedict XVI Francis
31. Arturo Sosa October 14, 2016 –	Francis

Only one Pope in history, Innocent X, spans the reign of 3 Jesuit Generals. He reigned toward the end of the Thirty Years War (1618–1648) in Europe when millions of people were killed. Pope Innocent X objected to the final peace treaty of that war!

“One of the most devastating wars in European history. The Thirty Years War began as a conflict between **German Protestants and German Catholics**, that slowly expanded to include most of the rest of Europe, with first the Protestant powers joining in to protect their co-religionists in Germany, and then Catholic France supporting the protestant cause as part of the long running Bourbon-Hapsburg rivalry (and before that the Valois-Hapsburg

rivalry). The war caused massive destruction in Germany, and may have reduced the population of the area by half, in part because much of the fighting was carried out by mercenary armies that plundered every area they crossed." From http://www.historyofwar.org/articles/wars_thirtyyears.html

Famous American members of the Knights of Malta



The Knights of Malta is the *lay branch* of the Jesuit Order!

"The Knights of Malta is a world organization with its threads weaving through business, banking, politics, the CIA, other intelligence organizations, P2, religion, education, law, military, think tanks, foundations, the United States Information Agency, the United Nations, and numerous other organizations. The world head of the Knights of Malta is elected for a life term, with the approval of the **Pope**. The Knights of Malta have their own Constitution and **are sworn to work toward the establishment of a New World Order with the Pope at its head**. Knights of Malta members are also powerful members of the **CFR** (Council on Foreign Relations) and the **Trilateral Commission**." – Quoted from "Behold a Pale Horse" by William Cooper

I got the list of Knights of Malta members from <http://www.biblebelievers.org.au/kmlst1.htm>. I limited the first section to only show Americans and only those who are not members of the Roman Catholic clergy. I got the identity of the less famous ones from Wikipedia. I figured everybody should know the more famous names and so I didn't include a

description for them.

Some of these people are known as Jews (Alan Greenspan) or as members of a Protestant church (the Bush family)! Most people would not associate them with a Roman Catholic organization.

- George W. Anderson – Admiral in the United States Navy
- James Jesus Angelton – Chief of the CIA's Counterintelligence Staff from 1954 to 1975
- Samuel Alito – Associate Justice of the Supreme Court
- Joe M. Allbaugh – President George W. Bush's Director of the Federal Emergency Management Agency
- Michael Bloomberg – 108th Mayor of New York City
- John Robert Bolton – 25th United States Ambassador to the United Nations
- Charles Joseph Bonaparte – 37th United States Secretary of the Navy and **father of the FBI.**
- Pat Buchanan – Senior advisor to American Presidents Richard Nixon, Gerald Ford, and Ronald Reagan
- William F. Buckley, Jr. – American conservative author[2] and commentator.
- George H.W Bush
- George W. Bush
- Jeb Bush
- Prescott Bush, Jr.
- Frank Capra – American film director
- Frank Charles Carlucci III – 16th United States Secretary of Defense
- William Casey – 13th Director of Central Intelligence
- Michael Chertoff – 2nd Secretary of Homeland Security
- Noam Chomsky – MIT professor
- Bill Clinton
- (Senator) John Danforth – 24th United States Ambassador to the United Nations
- John J. DeGioia – President of Georgetown University
- Cartha DeLoach – Deputy director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation
- Allen Dulles – 5th Director of the Central Intelligence Agency
- Edwin J. Feulner – President of the conservative think tank the Heritage Foundation
- Raymond Flynn – 52nd Mayor of Boston
- Rudy Giuliani – 107th Mayor of New York City
- Alan Greenspan – 13th Chairman of the Federal Reserve
- Alexander Haig – Army General, 7th Supreme Allied Commander Europe
- William Randolph Hearst – American newspaper publisher
- Richard Holbrooke – United States Special Envoy for Afghanistan and Pakistan
- J. Edgar Hoover – Director of the Federal Bureau of Investigation
- Lee Iococca – Former Chrysler Chairman
- William J. Donovan – **Father of the CIA**
- Joseph Kennedy – 44th United States Ambassador to the United Kingdom
- (Senator) Ted Kennedy
- Henry A. Kissinger
- Henry Luce – A magazine magnate, was called "the most influential

private citizen in the America of his day”

- Robert James “Jim” Nicholson – 5th United States Secretary of Veterans Affairs
- Oliver North – National Security Council staff member during the Iran–Contra affair
- Francis (Frank) V. Ortiz – United States Ambassador to Argentina
- Thomas ‘Tip’ O’Neill – 55th Speaker of the United States House of Representatives
- George Pataki – 53rd Governor of New York
- Peter G. Peterson – Chair of the Council on Foreign Relations
- John Francis Queeny – Founded the Monsanto Company (GMO, poisoning the world)
- John J. Raskob – Financial executive and businessman for DuPont and General Motors, and the builder of the Empire State Building
- (President) Ronald W. Reagan
- Nelson Rockefeller
- David Rockefeller
- Francis Rooney – United States Ambassador to the Holy See
- Rick Santorum – Senate’s third-ranking Republican from 2001 until 2007
- Antonin Scalia – Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court
- Joseph Edward Schmitz (Blackwater) – Defense Department Inspector General
- Frank Shakespeare – United States Ambassador to Portugal, United States Ambassador to the Holy See,
- Clay Shaw – Head of the International Trade Mart; charged for being part of a conspiracy to assassinate President John F. Kennedy.
- Frank Sinatra
- Frederick W. Smith – Founder of FedEx
- Myron Taylor – American industrialist, and later a diplomatic figure involved in many of the most important geopolitical events during and after World War II.
- George Tenet – 18th Director of Central Intelligence
- Ted Turner – founder of TBS and CNN
- Thomas Von Essen – Fire department Commissioner of the City of New York. He quit 4 months after 9/11.
- Robert Ferdinand Wagner, Jr – 102nd Mayor of New York City
- Vernon A. Walters – 17th United States Ambassador to the United Nations
- Gen. William Westmoreland – Commander of U.S. military operations in the Vietnam War
- Gen. Charles A. Willoughby – General Douglas MacArthur’s Chief of Intelligence during most of World War II and the Korean War.
- Robert Zoellick – 11th President of the World Bank Group
- Gen. Anthony Zinni – Nickname “The Godfather” Special envoy for the United States to Israel and the Palestinian Authority

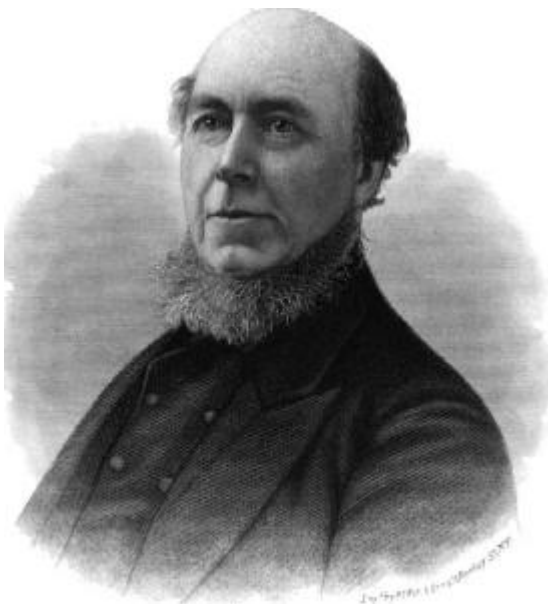
Famous non-American Knights of Malta

- Amschel Mayer von Rothschild
- Kurt Waldheim – 4th Secretary-General of the United Nations
- Silvio Berlusconi – 50th Prime Minister of Italy
- Tony Blair

- King Juan Carlos of Spain
- Heinrich Himmler – Hitler's Chief of German Police in the Reich Ministry of the Interior
- Nelson Mandela
- Rupert Murdoch
- Juan Perón – 29th & 40th President of Argentina

For more information about the Knights of Malta, see
http://www.whale.to/b/knights_q.html

Young Catholic priest Charles Chiniquy stands up to the Bishop for his convictions against drinking alcohol



Charles Chiniquy

This is one of my favorite stories from [Charles Chiniquy's book, "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome"](#) taken from chapter 35. I think Chiniquy had an amazing amount of courage and conviction to not compromise his stand against drinking considering the crowd of people he was with which included the Archbishop!

Charles P. Chiniquy (30 July 1809 – 16 January 1899) was a Canadian Catholic priest who was twice suspended from his priestly ministry (because he stood up from his convictions based on the Bible) and finally excommunicated as a schismatic. He then became a Presbyterian pastor and led his entire flock (a thousand families) of St. Anne Illinois away from the darkness of Romanism into the glorious light of the Gospel of Jesus Christ! He is known for his lurid accusations against the Roman Catholic Church. In the period between 1885 and 1899 he was the focus of a great deal of discussion in the United

States of America. During the 1880s his conspiracy theories included his claim to have **exposed the Jesuits as the assassins of President Abraham Lincoln**, and that, **if unchecked, the Jesuits could eventually politically rule the United States!** (Edited from the Wikipedia article about him.)

If you or anybody you know has a problem with alcohol, I recommend reading "The Easy Way to Stop Drinking" by Allen Carr. It gives great insights can save an alcoholic to the point he will stop drinking and won't need further support from anybody.

Some days later, the Bishop of Nancy was in Quebec, the guest of the Seminary, and a grand dinner was given in his honour, to which more than one hundred priests were invited, with the Archbishop of Quebec, his coadjutor, N. G. Turgeon, and the Bishop of Montreal, M.Q.R. Bourget.

As one of the youngest curates, I had taken the last seat, which was just opposite the four bishops, from whom I was separated only by the breadth of the table. When the rich and rare viands had been well disposed of, and the more delicate fruits had replaced them, bottles of the choicest wines were brought on the table in incredible numbers. Then the superior of the college, the Rev. Mr. Demars, knocked on the table to command silence, and rising on his feet, he said, at the top of his voice, "Please, my lord bishops, and all of you, reverend gentlemen, let us drink to the health of my Lord Count de Forbin Janson, Primate of Lorraine and Bishop of Nancy.

The bottles passing around were briskly emptied into the large glasses put before everyone of the guests. But when the wine was handed to me I passed it to my neighbour without taking a drop, and filled my glass with water. My hope was that nobody had paid any attention to what I had done; but I was mistaken. The eyes of my bishop, my Lord Signaie, were upon me. With a stern voice, he said: "Mr. Chiniquy, what are you doing there? Put wine in your glass, to drink with us the health of Mgr. de Nancy."

These unexpected words fell upon me as a thunderbolt, and really paralyzed me with terror. I felt the approach of the most terrible tempest I had ever experienced. My blood ran cold in my veins; I could not utter a word. For what could I say there, without compromising myself for ever. To openly resist my bishop, in the presence of such an august assembly, seemed impossible; but to obey him was also impossible; for I had promised God and my country never to drink any wine. I thought, at first, that I could disarm my superior by my modesty and my humble silence. However, I felt that all eyes were upon me. A real chill of terror and unspeakable anxiety was running through my whole frame. My heart began to beat so violently that I could not breathe. I wished then I had followed my first impression, which was not to come to that dinner. I think I would have suffocated had not a few tears rolled down from my eyes, and help the circulation of my blood. The Rev. Mr. Lafrance, who was by me, nudged me, and said, "Do you not hear the order of my Lord Signaie? Why do you not answer by doing what you are requested to do?" I still remained mute, just as if nobody had spoken to me. My eyes were cast down; I wished then I were dead. The silence of death reigning around

the tables told me that everyone was waiting for my answer; but my lips were sealed. After a minute of that silence, which seemed as long as a whole year, the bishop, with a loud and angry voice, which filled the large room, repeated: "Why do you not put wine in your glass, and drink to the health of my Lord Forbin Janson, as the rest of us are doing?"

I felt I could not be silent any longer. "My lord," I said, with a subdued and trembling voice, "I have put in my glass what I want to drink. I have promised God and my country that I would never drink any more wine."

The bishop, forgetting the respect he owed to himself and to those around him, answered me in the most insulting manner: "You are nothing but a fanatic, and you want to reform us."

These words struck me as the shock of a galvanic battery, and transformed me into a new man. It seemed as if they had added ten feet to my stature and a thousand pounds to my weight. I forgot that I was the subject of that bishop, and remembered that I was a man, in the presence of another man. I raised my head and opened my eyes, and as quick as lightning I rose to my feet, and addressing the Grand Vicar Demars, superior of the seminary, I said, with calmness, "Sir, was it that I might be insulted at your table that you have invited me here? Is it not your duty to defend my honour when I am here, your guest? But, as you seem to forget what you owe to your guests, I will make my own defense against my unjust aggressor." Then, turning towards the Bishop de Nancy, I said: "My Lord de Nancy, I appeal to your lordship from the unjust sentence of my own bishop. In the name of God, and of His Son, Jesus Christ, I request you tell us here if a priest cannot, for His Saviour's sake, and for the good of his fellow-men, as well as for his own self-denial, give up for ever the use of wine and other intoxicating drinks, without being abused, slandered, and insulted, as I am here, in your presence?"

It was evident that my words had made a deep impression on the whole company. A solemn silence followed for a few seconds, which was interrupted by my bishop, who said to the Bishop de Nancy, "Yes, yes, my lord; give us your sentence."

No words can give an idea of the excitement of everyone in that multitude of priests, who, accustomed from their infancy abjectly to submit to their bishop, were, for the first time, in the presence of such a hand-to-hand conflict between a powerless, humble, unprotected, young curate, and his all-powerful, proud, and haughty archbishop.

The Bishop of Nancy at first refused to grant my request. He felt the difficulty of his position; but after Bishop Signaie had united his voice to mine, to press him to give his verdict, he rose and said:

"My Lord Archbishop of Quebec, and you, Mr. Chiniquy, please withdraw your request. Do not press me to give my views on such a new, but important subject. It is only a few days since I came in your midst. It will not do that I should so soon become your judge. The responsibility of a judgment in such a momentous matter is too great. I cannot accept it."

But when the same pressing request was repeated by nine-tenths of that vast assembly of priests, and that the archbishop pressed him more and more to pronounce his sentence, he raised his eyes and hands to heaven, and made a silent but ardent prayer to God. His countenance took an air of dignity, which I might call majesty, which gave him more the appearance of an old prophet than of a man of our day. Then casting his eyes upon his audience, he remained a considerable time meditating. All eyes were upon him, anxiously waiting for the sentence. There was an air of grandeur in him at that moment, which seemed to tell us that the priest blood of the great kings of France was flowing in his veins. At last, he opened his lips, but it was again pressingly to request me to settle the difficulty with the archbishop among ourselves, and to discharge him of that responsibility. But we both refused again to grant him his request, and pressed him to give his judgment. All this time I was standing, having publicly said that I would never sit again at that table unless that insult was wiped away.

Then he said with unspeakable dignity: "My Lord of Quebec! Here, before us, is our young priest, Mr. Chiniquy, who, once on his knees, in the presence of God and his angels, for the love of Jesus Christ, the good of his own soul and the good of his country, has promised never to drink! We are the witnesses that he is faithful to his promise, though he has been pressed to break it by your lordship. And because he keeps his pledge with such heroism, your lordship has called him a fanatic! Now, I am requested by everyone here to pronounce my verdict on that painful occurrence. Here it is. Mr. Chiniquy drinks no wine! But, if I look through the past ages, when God Himself was ruling His own people, through His prophets, I see Samson, who, by the special order of God, never drank wine or any other intoxicating drink. If from the Old Testament I pass to the New, I see John the Baptist, the precursor of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, who, to obey the command of God, never drank any wine! When I look at Mr. Chiniquy, and see Samson at his right hand to protect him, and John the Baptist at his left to bless him, I find his position so strong and impregnable, that I would not dare attack or condemn him!" These words were pronounced in the most eloquent and dignified manner, and were listened to with a most respectful and breathless attention.

Bishop de Nancy, keeping his gravity, sat down, emptied his wine glass into a tumbler, filled it with water and drank to my health.

The poor archbishop was so completely confounded and humiliated that everyone felt for him. The few minutes spent at the table, after this extraordinary act of justice, seemed oppressive to everyone. Scarcely anyone dared look at his neighbour, or speak, except in a low and subdued tone, as when a great calamity has just occurred. Nobody thought of drinking his wine; and the health of the Bishop de Nancy was left undrunk. But a good number of priests filled their glasses with water, and giving me a silent sign of approbation, drank to my health. The society of temperance had been dragged by her enemies to the battle-field, to be destroyed; but she bravely fought, and gained the victory. Now, she was called to begin her triumphant march through Canada.

History of the Papacy By Rev. J.A. Wylie, LL.D



Rev. J.A. Wylie, LL.D.

I got this from <http://www.biblebelievers.com/wylie/papacy/index.html> which is already in HTML text. I'm posting only the preface and first chapter on my blog so I can find it easier.

The following quote on J.A. Wylie is taken from a Publisher's Preface by Mourn Missionary Press: "The Rev. James Aitken Wylie was for many years a leading Protestant spokesman. Born in Scotland in 1808, he was educated at Marischal College, Aberdeen and at St. Andrews; he entered the Original Seccession Divinity Hall, Edinburgh in 1827, and was ordained in 1831. Dr. Wylie became sub-editor of the Edinburgh Witness in 1846, and, after joining the Free Church of Scotland in 1852, edited the Free Church Record from 1852 until 1860. In 1860 he was appointed Lecturer on Popery at the Protestant Institute, a position he held until the year of his death. Aberdeen University awarded him the LL.D. in 1856.

"Dr. Wylie was a prolific writer on Protestant themes. In 1851 the Evangelical Alliance awarded him first prize for his writing **The Papacy**, which he submitted as his entry for a competition for the best essay on Popery. "The writing for which Wylie is best known is his History of Protestantism which extends to nearly 2,000 pages and was first published in 1878."

Preface to People's Edition

The compilation of a *Synopsis* and classified *Index*, has made it necessary for the author to re-read his work after an interval of thirty years. The perusal has fully satisfied him that the book is every whit as adapted to the present position of the popish controversy, the whole extent of which it covers, as it was when first published. Since then, it is true, two important dogmas have been promulgated from the papal chair; the Immaculate Conception of Mary (1854), and the Infallibility of the Pope (1870) ; but these decrees are rather the official ratification of what had been for centuries the teaching of Popes and popish doctors, than the importation of new elements into the question calling for a readjustment of the argument.

The loss of the temporal sovereignty, which has also befallen the Papacy since the first publication of this volume, is an event of graver consequence. But let it be borne in mind that it is the *temporal sovereignty*, not the *temporal power*, which the Papacy has lost; it is its paltry Italian

kingship of which it has been stripped; not the temporal and spiritual supremacy of Christendom. Temporal power is a root-prerogative of the Papacy. With or without his crown, the Pope, so long as he exists, will be a Great Temporal Power. What signifies it that a small branch of this tree has been lopped off, while the trunk still stands erect, nay, is even stronger than before? Freed as it now is from the scandals, political and moral, which were attendant on its government of the Papal States, the Papacy is now in a better position for prosecuting its cherished aim, which is to be the supreme arbiter in all international disputes. It seeks, in short, to become President of a great European Council, in which kings and nations shall await its decisions, and be pledged to carry out its behests, peaceably if possible, by arms if necessary. From being the moral dictator of Christendom, it is but a little step to being, as the Papacy was once before, its armed ruler and head.

Will the reader pardon a word about the history of the book, and its Continental experiences? When the German translation appeared (Elberfeld, 1853), the Romanists of the Continent welcomed it with a chorus of anathemas. *L'Univers* of Paris cursed it energetically. The journalists of the Rhine were equally wroth. Without naming either the book or its author, they made their readers aware that a crime of fearful atrocity had been committed, which called loudly for punishment by the sword. We give a specimen: –

- "A very shameful book has lately been printed and published in Elberfeld by William Hassell, consisting of thirty-six sheets, and in which Popery and the Catholic religion are exposed as a work of Satan and a restoration of old heathenish idolatry, and a cunning delusive invention of the Pope and the Catholic priesthood as the mother of revolutions and communism. >From beginning to end, with the same cool deliberation, it consists of lies, injuries, and abuses, which have from time to time been brought against the Pope and the Catholic religion, heaped together, and made into one compact whole. The most unheard-of violence offered; and the holiest of the Catholics scorned and derided. The rulers of the country are exhorted throughout to observe how the Catholic religion causes the destruction of every State, and how the Catholic priesthood are even now endeavouring to exercise unbearable tyranny and cruelty over princes and people. . . . The Catholic Church in Prussia is a lawful safeguard against such calumnies, and the abuse of the Catholic religion is provided for in its penal laws." *Rheimsches Kirchenblatt*, Cologne.

In an article on the above in the *Witness* of Nov. 20, 1853, we find Hugh Miller saying: –

- "The editor of this paper gave expression long ago in its columns to his admiration of Mr. Wylie's masterly work on the Papacy –a work which has since been extensively spread over Protestant Europe. . . . Still, however, his decision was that of a personal friend of the author, and the various favourable critiques which bore out his estimate of its merits were at least Protestant critiques. Our present testimony respecting it must be recognised as above suspicion; it comes from Popery itself, and we find that Popery regards it as a dangerous work,

suiting to do the Catholic religion great injury, and that penal laws furnish the only effectual instruments for dealing with and answering it."

Dr. Graham, in his volume, *The Jordan and the Rhine*, says: –

- "This work has at last made its appearance in the German language. . . . The Papists are up on all sides, not to reply but to denounce, not to reason and answer, but to invoke the civil power. They never name the book lest an inquiring Papist should be inclined to purchase it. In Cologne no bookseller would take charge of it –Papist or Protestant. The argument is very sharp and severe, but the reason is led captive, and the infinite superstition dissected with a master's hand. It will confirm the wavering and strengthen the weak. May the Lord grant His blessing to it as a means of counteracting the idolatries and idolatrous tendencies of the age."

Enormous recent Papal Advances.

Since the first publication of this work the Papacy has made enormous strides to temporal dominion and spiritual supremacy in our country.

1. The public administration of the empire, which up till 1850 was almost purely Protestant, has since been largely Romanized.
2. The Papal Hierarchy has been established in both England and Scotland, and the ordinary machinery of Rome's government is in full operation over the whole kingdom.
3. The empire has been divided into dioceses, with the ordinary equipment of chapters and provincial synods in each, for bringing canon law to the door of every Romanist, and governing him in his social relations, his political acts, and his religious duties.
4. The staff of the Romish Church has been trebled.
5. In Scotland alone there has been an increase of 216 priests, 250 chapels, 15 monasteries, and 34 convents.
6. The priests of Rome have been introduced into our army and navy, into our prisons and poor-houses, reformatories and hospitals, thus converting these departments of the State into a ministration of Romanism.
7. The annual sum paid as salaries, etc., to the Popish priesthood approaches a million and a half, making Popery one of the endowed faiths of the nation.
8. Considerable progress has been made in the work of breaking down the national system of education, and replacing the board schools with denominational schools in which the teaching shall be Romish.
9. The annual grants to such schools in England and Scotland have now risen to £200,000. Thousands of Protestant children attend them, and are being instructed in the tenets of Popery, and familiarized with Romish rites.

10. Two-thirds of the youth of Ireland are being educated by monks and nuns, at a cost to the country of £700,000 yearly.

11. Ritualism has grown into a power in England. In many of the national churches the ceremonial of the Mass is openly celebrated, crucifixes and Madonnas are frequent, auricular confession is practised, the dead are supplicated, and new-constructed cathedrals are arranged on the foregone conclusion that Popery is to be the future religion of Great Britain.

12. All the great offices of State (the English wool-sack and the throne excepted), closed against Romanists in the Catholic Emancipation Act, have been opened to them.

13. The oath of the Royal Supremacy has been abolished.

14. The words "*being Protestant*" have been dropped from the oath of allegiance.

15. The most brilliant post under the Crown, the viceroyalty of India, has been held by a Papist, and may be so again.

16. An avowed Romanist sits in the Cabinet, with more, it may be, to follow.

17. Cardinal Manning has had precedence given him next to the Royal family, a step towards the like precedence being given to Popish over Anglican Protestant bishops.

18. A special Envoy has been sent with congratulations to the Pope on occasion of his jubilee, and a nuncio has in return been received at Court from Leo XIII.

19. There is a serious talk of re-establishing diplomatic relations with the Vatican;

20. And, *mirabile dictu!* the project has been broached of restoring the Pope's temporal sovereignty: and the idea is being agitated, although it must be plain to all that it cannot be carried out without overthrowing the kingdom of Italy and plunging the nations of Europe into war.

These are great strides towards grasping the government of the British empire. And all this has been done despite the warning testimony of the nations around us which Popery has destroyed, and in disregard of the unanswered demonstration of a modern statesman –

That to become a subject of the Pope is to surrender one's "moral and mental freedom;"

And incapacitate one's self for yielding "loyalty" to the Queen, and "civil duty" to the State.

If the end of this policy shall be good, HISTORY is a senile babbler, and PROPHECY is but the Sibyl, with her books, over again.

Continue to [chapter I Origin of the Papacy](#)

Move from Linux Mint 16 to Fedora 20



Fedora 20 with Mate DE and Mint Menu

For those of you who have been following my Linux posts, you know that I have been a Fedora user since February of 2005 with Fedora Core 3. I tried Ubuntu from time to time but always had problems. However in the middle of last year 2013 I moved to Ubuntu based Linux Mint 15 preferring it over Fedora 19. For some reason I couldn't figure out the Fedora 19 installer correctly. When it did install Fedora 19, my files on my user account were inaccessible. I didn't get the home partition correct. I tried Linux Mint 15 instead and it installed without a hitch.

Linux Mint 15 worked very well for me. But after I upgraded to version 16, suddenly I had problems. I couldn't install any 32 bit apps on my 64 bit system! They worked fine on Linux 15! Specifically those apps were Wine and Skype. Without Wine I cannot run two Windows programs I need that have no Linux counterpart. I could live without Skype on my PC because I can use it on my Google Android tablet, but I wanted Wine back. The Linux Mint application installer (apt-get) kept giving me error messages of unmet dependencies. None of the advice on the Linux Mint forum about how to fix the problem worked. And I couldn't even get Acrobat Reader on Linux Mint 16! It aborted in an error message.

The Fedora Linux 20 installer worked well, and all my favorite applications are now back including Acrobat Reader! Fedora always seemed more complete, more polished, and more stable.

I tried to use the Mate DE in Fedora 18, but it was buggy. This version of Mate works well now and I could even install the useful Mint Menu in it as you can see from the photograph. I had to use a camera to take the screenshot

showing the Mint Menu because the screenshot application does not work with the menu open.

Move to Gnome 3 from Mate!

Update on Feb. 2, 2014: The Mate desktop environment GUI stopped loading for some reason. I logged into the standard Gnome 3, began to use it and started to like it! When Gnome 3 first came out I absolutely hated it. Either the Gnome developers improved it, or perhaps because I've been also using a Google Android tablet for the past half year, I now understand better the reasoning behind the now Gnome interface. I think its simpler and cleaner looking than Mate having no Desktop icons or complicated menus. And I can switch between open windows faster than I could before. I feel comfortable with it and can actually do some real work using it.

[On the Babylonish Captivity of the Church – By Martin Luther](#)



“I now know and am sure that the Papacy is the kingdom of Babylon, and the power of Nimrod the mighty hunter.” – Quote from Martin Luther

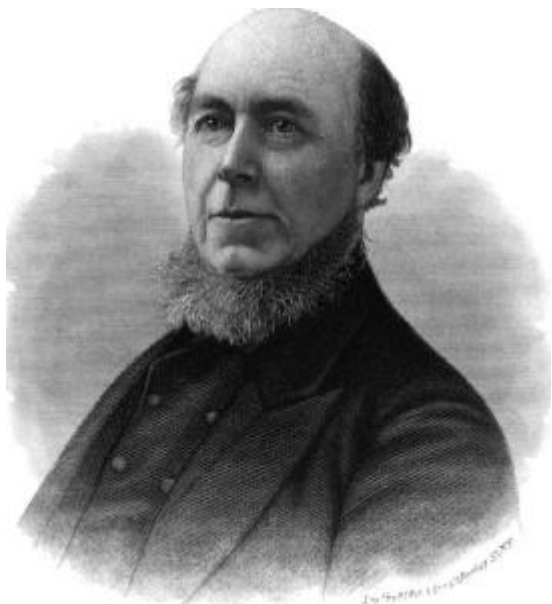
[How the NSA has hacked YOUR PC](#)



In spite of the fact there are a lot of tips on the Internet about how to protect your PC privacy and security, after you watch this terrific presentation from tech researcher and journalist Jacob Appelbaum, you might want to change your policy to either not care who knows anything about what you do, or not touching a PC, cell phone, or *ANY kind of electronic means of communication* again! Don't even use the postal system. Just stick to passing paper and ink messages only to trusted friends and family.

At December's Chaos Computer Congress in Hamburg, Mr. Appelbaum presented the latest documented revelations about how deep the NSA spying rabbit hole really goes. How do you know that the NSA has not hacked the BIOS of your motherboard? Or hacked the firmware of your hard-disk? You don't. There is no way you can even find out.

[Charles Chiniquy Leads an Entire Town Away from Alcohol](#)



Charles Chiniquy

If you have a drinking problem and are seeking aid, this story may just inspire you to stop drinking completely!

It's a slightly condensed version of chapters 33 & 34 of Charles Chiniquy's book, "[Fifty Years in the Church of Rome](#)". I find it an exciting account of how one man with the Power of God turned an entire town away from alcoholism!!

The 21st of September, 1833, was a day of desolation to me. On that day I received the letter of my bishop appointing me curate of Beauport. Many times, I had said to the other priests, when talking about our choice of the different parishes, that I would never consent to be curate of Beauport. That parish, which is a kind of suburb of Quebec, was too justly considered **the very nest of the drunkards of Canada**. With a soil of unsurpassed fertility, inexhaustible lime quarries, gardens covered with most precious vegetables and fruits, forests near at hand, to furnish wood to the city of Quebec, at their doors, the people of Beauport, were, nevertheless, **classed among the poorest, most ragged and wretched people of Canada. For almost every cent they were getting at the market went into the hands of the saloon-keepers**. Hundreds of times I had seen the streets which led from St. Roch to the upper town of Quebec almost impassable, when the drunkards of Beauport were leaving the market to go home. How many times I heard them fill the air with their cries and blasphemies; and saw the streets reddened with their blood when fighting with one another, like mad dogs!

After weeping to my heart's content at the reading of the letter from my bishop, which had come to me as a thunderbolt, my first thought was that my misfortune, though very great, was not irretrievable. I knew that there were many priests who were as anxious to become curates of Beauport as I was opposed to it. My hope was that the bishop would be touched by my tears, if not convinced by my arguments, and that he would not persist in putting on my

shoulders a burden which they could not carry. I immediately went to the palace, and did all in my power to persuade his lordship to select another priest for Beauport. He listened to my arguments with a great deal of patience and kindness, and answered:

"My dear Mr. Chiniquy, you forget too often, that 'implicit and perfect obedience to his superiors is the virtue of a good priest. You have given me a great deal of trouble and disappointment by refusing to relieve the good bishop Provencher of his too heavy burden. It was at my suggestion, you know very well, that he had selected you to be his coworker along the coasts of the Pacific, by consenting to become the first Bishop of Oregon. Your obstinate resistance to your superiors in that circumstance, and in several other cases, is one of your weak points. If you continue to follow your own mind rather than obey those whom God has chosen to guide you, I really fear for your future. I have already too often yielded to your rebellious character. Through respect to myself, and for your own good, today I must force you to obey me. You have spoken of the drunkenness of the people of Beauport, as one of the reasons why I should not put you at the head of that parish; but this is just one of the reasons why I have chosen you. You are the only priest I know, in my diocese, able to struggle against the long-rotted and detestable evil, with a hope of success.

Though far from being reconciled to my new position, I saw there was no help; I had to obey, as my predecessor, Mr. Begin, was to sell all his house furniture, before taking charge of his far distant parish, La Riviere Ouelle, he kindly invited me to go and buy, on long credit, what I wished for my own use, which I did. The whole parish was on the spot long before me, partly to show their friendly sympathy for their last pastor, and partly to see their new curate. I was not long in the crowd without seeing that my small stature and my leanness were making a very bad impression on the people, who were accustomed to pay their respects to a comparatively tall man, whose large and square shoulders were putting me in the shade. Many jovial remarks, though made in half-suppressed tones, came to my ears, to tell me that I was cutting a poor figure by the side of my jolly predecessor.

"He is hardly bigger than my tobacco box," said one not far from me: "I think I could put him in my vest pocket."

"Has he not the appearance of a salted sardine!" whispered a woman to her neighbour, with a hearty laugh.

Had I been a little wiser, I could have redeemed myself by some amiable or funny words, which would have sounded pleasantly in the ears of my new parishioners. But, unfortunately for me, that wisdom is not among the gifts I received. After a couple of hours of auction, a large cloth was suddenly removed from a long table, and presented to our sight an incredible number of wine and beer glasses, of empty decanters and bottles, of all sizes and quality. This brought a burst of laughter and clapping of hands from almost every one. All eyes were turned towards me, and I heard from hundreds of lips: "This is for you, Mr. Chiniquy." Without weighing my words, I instantly answered: "I do not come to Beauport to buy wine glasses and bottles, but to *break them.*"

These words fell upon their ears as a spark of fire on a train of powder. Nine-tenths of that multitude, without being very drunk, had emptied from four to ten glasses of beer or rum, which Rev. Mr. Begin himself was offering them in a corner of the parsonage. A real deluge of insults and cursings overwhelmed me; and I soon saw that the best thing I could do was to leave the place without noise, and by the shortest way.

I immediately went to the bishop's place, to try again to persuade his lordship to put another curate at the head of such a people. "You see, my lord," I said, "that by my indiscreet and rash answer I have for ever lost the respect and confidence of that people. They already hate me; their brutal cursings have fallen upon me like balls of fire. I prefer to be carried to my grave next Sabbath, than have to address such a degraded people. I feel that I have neither the moral nor the physical power to do any good there."

"I differ from you," replied the bishop. "Evidently the people wanted to try your mettle, by inviting you to buy those glasses, and you would have lost yourself by yielding to their desire. Now they have seen that you are brave and fearless. It is just what the people of Beauport want; I have known them for a long time. It is true that they are drunkards; but, apart from that vice, there is not a nobler people under heaven. They have, literally, no education, but they possess marvelous common sense, and have many noble and redeeming qualities, which you will soon find out.

Next Sunday was a splendid day, and the church of Beauport was filled to its utmost capacity by the people, eager to see and hear, for the first time, their new pastor. I had spent the last three days in prayers and fastings. God knows that never a priest, nor any minister of the Gospel, ascended the pulpit with more exalted views of his sublime functions than I did that day, and never a messenger of the Gospel had been more terrified than I was, when in that pulpit, by the consciousness of his own demerits, inability and incompetency, in the face of the tremendous responsibilities of his position.

After the sermon, I told them: "I have a favour to ask of you. As it is the first, I hope you will not rebuke me. I have just now given you some of the duties of your poor young curate towards you; I want you to come again this afternoon at half-past two o'clock, that I may give you some of your duties towards your pastor." At the appointed hour the church was still more crowded than in the morning, and it seemed to me that my merciful God blessed still more that second address than the first.

The text was: "When he (the shepherd) putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice" (Jno. x. 4).

Those two sermons on the Sabbath were a startling innovation in the Roman Catholic Church of Canada, which brought upon me, at once, many bitter remarks from the bishop and surrounding curates. Their unanimous verdict was that I wanted to become a little reformer. They had not the least doubt that in my pride I wanted to show the people "that I was the most zealous priest of the country." This was not only whispered from ear to ear among the clergy, but several times it was thrown into my face in the most insulting manner. However, my God knew that my only motives were, first, to keep my

people away from the taverns, by having them before their altars during the greatest part of the Sabbath day; second, to impress more on their minds the great saving and regenerating truths I preached, by presenting them twice in the same day under different aspects. I found such benefits from those two sermons, that I continued the practice during the four years I remained in Beauport, though I had to suffer and hear, in silence, many humiliating and cutting remarks from many co-priests.

I had not been more than three months at the head of that parish, when I determined to organize a temperance society on the same principles as Father Mathew, in Ireland. I opened my mind, at first, on that subject to the bishop, with the hope that he would throw the influence of his position in favour of the new association, but, to my great dismay and surprise, not only did he turn my project into ridicule, but absolutely forbade me to think any more of such an innovation. **"These temperance societies are a Protestant scheme,"** he said. "Preach against drunkenness, but let the respectable people who are not drunkards alone. St. Paul advised his disciple Timothy to drink wine. Do not try to be more zealous than they were in those apostolic days."

I left the bishop much disappointed, but did not give up my plan. It seemed to me if I could gain the neighbouring priests to join with me in my crusade I wanted to preach against the usage of intoxicating drinks, we might bring about a glorious reform in Canada, as Father Mathew was doing in Ireland. But the priests, without a single exception, laughed at me, turned my plans into ridicule, and requested me, in the name of common sense, never to speak any more to them of giving up their social glass of wine. I shall never be able to give any idea of my sadness, when I saw that I was to be opposed by my bishop and the whole clergy in the reform which I considered then, more and more every day, the only plank of salvation, not only of my dear people of Beauport, but of all Canada. God only knows the tears I shed, the long sleepless nights I have passed in studying, praying, meditating on that great work of Beauport. I had recourse to all the saints of heaven for more strength and light; for I was determined, at any cost, to try and form a temperance society. But every time I wanted to begin, I was frightened by the idea, not only of the wrath of the whole clergy, which would hunt me down, but still more of the ridicule of the whole country, which would overwhelm me in case of a failure. In these perplexities, I thought I would do well to write to Father Mathew and ask him his advice and the help of his prayers. That noble apostle of temperance of Ireland answered me in an eloquent letter, and pressed me to begin the work in Canada as he had done in Ireland, relying on God, without paying any attention to the opposition of man.

The wise and Christian words of that great and worthy Irish priest, came to me as the voice of God; and I determined to begin the work at once, though the whole world should be against me. I felt that if God was in my favour, I would succeed in reforming my parish and my country in spite of all the priests and bishops of the world, and I was right. Before putting the plough into the ground, I had not only prayed to God and all His saints, almost day and night, during many months, but I had studied all the best books written in England, France and the United States, on the evils wrought by the use of intoxicating drinks. I had taken a pretty good course of anatomy in the

Marine Hospital under the learned Dr. Douglas.

I was then well posted on the great subject I was to bring before my country. I knew the enemy I was to attack. And the weapons which would give him the death blow were in my hands. I only wanted my God to strengthen my hands and direct my blows. I prayed to Him, and in His great mercy He heard me.

This was on a Saturday night, March 20, 1839. The next morning was the first Sabbath of Lent. I said to the people after the sermon:

"I have told you, many times, that I sincerely believe it is my mission from God to put an end to the unspeakable miseries and crimes engendered every day, here in our whole country, by the use of intoxicating drink. Alcohol is the great enemy of your souls and your bodies. It is the most implacable enemy of your wives, your husbands, and your children. It is the most formidable enemy of our dear country and our holy religion. I must destroy that enemy. But I cannot fight alone. I must form an army and raise a banner in your midst, around which all the soldiers of the Gospel will rally. Jesus Christ Himself will be our general. He will bless and sanctify us He will lead us to victory. The next three days will be consecrated by you and by me in preparing to raise that army. Let all those who wish to fill its ranks, come and pass these three days with me in prayer and meditation before our sacred altars. Let even those who do not want to be soldiers of Christ, or to fight the great and glorious battles which are to be fought, come through curiosity, to see a most marvelous spectacle. I invite every one of you, in the name of our Saviour, Jesus Christ, whom alcohol nails anew to the cross every day. I invite you in the name of the holy Virgin Mary, and of all the saints and angels of God, who are weeping in heaven for the crimes committed every day by the use of intoxicating drinks. I invite you in the names of the wives whom I see here in your midst, weeping because they have drunken husbands. I invite you to come in the names of the fathers whose hearts are broken by drunken children. I invite you to come in the name of so many children who are starving, naked, and made desolate by their drunken parents. I invite you to come in the name of your immortal souls, which are to be eternally damned if the giant destroyer, Alcohol, be not driven from our midst."

The next morning, at eight o'clock, my church was crammed by the people. My first address was at half-past eight o'clock, the second at 10:30 a.m., the third at 2.0 p.m., and the fourth at five. The intervals between the addresses were filled by beautiful hymns selected for the occasion. Many times during my discourse the sobs and the cries of the people were such that I had to stop speaking, to mix my sobs and my tears with those of my people. That first day seventy-five men, from among the most desperate drunkards, enrolled themselves under the banner of temperance. The second day I gave again four addresses, the effects of which were still more blessed in their result. Two hundred of my dear parishioners were enrolled in the grand army which was to fight against their implacable enemy. But it would require the hand of an angel to write the history of the third day, at the end of which, in the midst of tears, sobs, and cries of joy, three hundred more of that noble people swore, in the presence of their God, never to touch, taste, or handle the cursed drinks with which Satan inundates the earth with

desolation, and fills hell with eternal cries of despair. During these three days more than two-thirds of my people had publicly taken the pledge of temperance, and had solemnly said in the presence of God, before their altars, "For the love of Jesus Christ, and by the grace of God, I promise that I will never take any intoxicating drink, except as a medicine. I also pledge myself to do all in my power, by my words and example, to persuade others to make the same sacrifice." The majority of my people, among whom we counted the most degraded drunkards, were changed and reformed, not by me, surely, but by the visible, direct work of the great and merciful God, who alone can change the heart of man.

As a great number of people from the surrounding parishes, and even from Quebec, had come to hear me the third day through curiosity, the news of that marvelous work spread very quickly throughout the whole country. The press, both French and English, were unanimous in their praises and felicitations. But when the Protestants of Quebec were blessing God for that reform, the French Canadians, at the example of their priests denounced me as a fool and heretic.

The second day of our revival I had sent messages to four of the neighbouring curates, respectfully requesting them to come and see what the Lord was doing, and help me to bless Him. But they refused. They answered my note with their contemptuous silence. One only, the Rev. Mr. Roy, curate of Charlesbourg, deigned to write me a few words, which I copy here:

.
Rev. Mr. Chiniquy, Curate of Beauport.

My dear Confrere: Please forgive me if I cannot forget the respect I owe to myself, enough to go and see your fooleries.

Truly yours,

Pierre Roy.
Charlesbourg, March 5th, 1839.

The indignation of the bishop knew no bounds. A few days after, he ordered me to go to his palace and give an account of what he called my "strange conduct." When alone with me he said: "Is it possible, Mr. Chiniquy, that you have so soon forgotten my prohibition not to establish that ridiculous temperance society in your parish? Had you compromised yourself alone by that Protestant comedy for it is nothing but that I would remain silent, in my pity for you. But you have compromised our holy religion by introducing a society whose origin is clearly heretical. Last evening, the venerable Grand Vicar Demars told me that you would sooner or later become a Protestant, and that this was your first step. Do you not see that the Protestants only praise you? Do you not blush to be praised only by heretics? Without suspecting it, you are just entering a road which leads to your ruin. You have publicly covered yourself with such ridicule that I fear your usefulness is at an end, not only in Beauport, but in all my diocese. I do not conceal it from you: my first thought, when an eye-witness told me yesterday what you had done, was to interdict you. I have been prevented from taking that step

only by the hope that you will undo what you have done. I hope that you will yourself dissolve that anti-Catholic association, and promise to put an end to those novelties, which have too strong a smell of heresy to be tolerated by your bishop."

I answered: "My lord, your lordship has not forgotten that it was absolutely against my own will that I was appointed curate of Beauport; and God knows that you have only to say a word, and, without a murmur, I will give you my resignation, that you may put a better priest at the head of that people, which I consider, and which is really, today the noblest and the most sober people of Canada. But I will put a condition to the resignation of my position. It is, that I will be allowed to publish before the world that the Rev. Mr. Begin, my predecessor, has never been troubled by his bishop for having allowed his people, during twenty-three years, to swim in the mire of drunkenness; and that I have been disgraced by my bishop, and turned out from that same parish, for having been the instrument, by the mercy of God, in making them the most sober people in Canada."

The poor bishop felt, at once, that he could not stand on the ground he had taken with me. He was a few moments without knowing what to say. He saw also that his threats had no influence over me, and that I was not ready to undo what I had done. After a painful silence of a minute or two, he said: "Do you not see that the solemn promises you have extorted from those poor drunkards are rash and unwise; they will break them at the first opportunity? Their future state of degradation, after such an excitement, will be worse than the first."

I answered: "I would partake of your fears if that change were my work; but as it is the Lord's work, we have nothing to fear. The works of men are weak, and of short duration, but the works of God are solid and permanent. About the prophecy of the venerable Mr. Demars, that I have taken my first step towards Protestantism by turning a drunken into a sober people, I have only to say that if that prophecy be true, it would show that Protestantism is more apt than our holy religion to work for the glory of God and the good of the people. I hope that your lordship is not ready to accept that conclusion, and that you will not then trouble yourself with the premises. The venerable grand Vicar, with many other priests, would do better to come and see what the Lord is doing in Beauport, than to slander me and turn false prophets against its curate and people. My only answer to the remarks of your lordship, that the Protestants alone praise me, when the Roman Catholic priests and people condemn me, proves only one thing, viz., that Protestants, on this question, understand the Word of God, and have more respect for it than we Roman Catholics. It would prove also that they understand the interests of humanity better than we do, and that they have more generosity than we have, to sacrifice their selfish propensities to the good of all. I take the liberty of saying to your lordship, that in this, as in many other things, it is high time that we should open our eyes to our false position.

"Instead of remaining at the lowest step of the ladder of one of the most Christian virtues, temperance, we must raise ourselves to the top, where Protestants are reaping so many precious fruits. Besides, would your lordship be kind enough to tell me why I am denounced and abused here, and by my

fellow-priests and my bishop, for forming a temperance society in my parish, when Father Mathew, who wrote me lately to encourage and direct me in that work, is publicly praised by his bishops and blessed by the Pope for covering Ireland with temperance societies? Is your lordship ready to prove to me that Samson was a heretic in the camp of Israel when he fulfilled the promise made by his parents that he would never drink any wine, or beer; and John the Baptist, was not he a heretic and a Protestant as I am, when, to obey the voice of God, he did what I do today, with my dear people of Beauport?"

At that very moment, the sub-secretary entered to tell the bishop that a gentleman wanted to see him immediately on pressing business, and the bishop abruptly dismissed me, to my great comfort; and my impression was that he was as glad to get rid of me as I was to get rid of him.

With the exception of the Secretary, Mr. Cazeault, all the priests I met that day and the next month, either gave me the cold shoulder or overwhelmed me with their sarcasms. One of them who had friends in Beauport, was bold enough to try to go through the whole parish to turn me into ridicule by saying that I was half crazy, and the best thing the people could do was to drink moderately to my health when they went to town. But at the third house he met a woman, who, after listening to the bad advice he was giving to her husband, said to him: "I do not know if our pastor is a fool in making people sober, but I know you are a messenger of the devil, when you advise my husband to drink again. You know that he was one of the most desperate drunkards of Beauport. You personally know also what blows I have received from him when he was drunk; how poor and miserable we were; how many children had to run on the streets, half naked, and beg in order not to starve with me! Now that my husband has taken the pledge of temperance, we have every comfort; my dear children are well fed and clothed, and I find myself as in a little paradise. If you do not go out of this house at once, I will turn you out with my broomstick." And she would have fulfilled her promise, had not the priest had the good sense to disappear at the "double quick."

The next four months after the foundation of the society in Beauport, my position when with the other priests was very painful and humiliating. I consequently avoided their company as much as possible. And, as for my bishop, I took the resolution never to go and see him, except he should order me into his presence. But my merciful God indemnified me by the unspeakable joy I had in seeing the marvelous change wrought by Him among my dear people. Their fidelity in keeping the pledge was really wonderful, and soon became the object of admiration of the whole city of Quebec, and of the surrounding country. The change was sudden, so complete and so permanent, that the scoffing bishop and priests, with their friends, had, at last, to blush and be silent.

The public aspect of the parish was soon changed, the houses were repaired, the debts paid, the children well clad. But what spoke most eloquently about the marvelous reform was that the seven thriving saloons of Beauport were soon closed, and their owners forced to take other occupations. Peace, happiness, abundance, and industry, everywhere took the place of the riots, fighting, blasphemies and the squalid misery which prevailed before. The gratitude and respect of that noble people for their young curate knew no

bounds; as my love and admiration for them cannot be told by human words.

However, though the great majority of that good people had taken the pledge, and kept it honourably, there was a small minority, composed of the few who never had been drunkards, who had not yet enrolled themselves under our blessed banners. Though they were glad of the reform, it was very difficult to persuade them to give up their social glass! I thought it was my duty to show them in a tangible way, what I had so often proved with my words only, that the drinking of the social glass of wine, or of beer, is an act of folly, if not a crime. I asked my kind and learned friend, Dr. Douglas, to analyze, before the people, the very wine and beer used by them, to show that it was nothing else but a disgusting and deadly poison. He granted my favour. During four days that noble philanthropist extracted the alcohol, which is not only in the most common, but in the most costly and renowned wines, beer, brandy and whisky. He gave that alcohol to several cats and dogs, which died in a few minutes in the presence of the whole people.

These learned and most interesting experiments, coupled with his eloquent and scientific remarks, made a most profound impression. It was the corner-stone of the holy edifice which our merciful God built with His own hands in Beauport. The few recalcitrants joined with the rest of their dear friends.

What famous men had to say about the Jesuit Order

"My history of the **Jesuits** is not eloquently written, but it is supported by unquestionable authorities, [and] is very particular and very horrible. Their [the **Jesuit Order**' s] restoration [in 1814 by Pope Pius VII] is indeed a step toward darkness, cruelty, despotism, [and] death. ... I do not like the appearance of the **Jesuits**. If ever there was a body of men who merited eternal damnation on earth and in hell, it is this **Society of [Ignatius de] Loyola**."

John Adams (1735-1826; 2nd President of the United States)



John Adams



From my research and materials people have been sending me, I have been thinking more and more that all roads indeed do lead to Rome, and specifically to the *Vatican*! Can you think of any State that has had such sway of the minds of so many for such a long history as the Holy Roman Empire had, and continues to have to this day? Their temporal power only *appears* to be broken. This is merely my opinion, of course, but I think the quotes below speak for themselves. Did these men really say them? If they did, I think they carry some weight. If they *didn't* say them, prove it to me and I shall

remove them from my blog.

I found these quotes on

<http://letsrollforums.com/jesuit-quotes-citations-t14412.html> and <http://v666.wordpress.com/2007/02/21/quotes-concerning-jesuits-which-all-should-read/> And from <http://calltodecision.com/qct.htm> I took only the ones of whom I consider to be authoritative figures from history.



"My history of the Jesuits is not eloquently written, but it is supported by unquestionable authorities, [and] is very particular and very horrible. Their [the Jesuit Order's] restoration [in 1814 by Pope Pius VII] is indeed a step toward darkness, cruelty, despotism, [and] death. ... I do not like the appearance of the Jesuits. If ever there was a body of men who merited eternal damnation on earth and in hell, it is this Society of [Ignatius de] Loyola."

John Adams (1735-1826; 2nd President of the United States)

"Between 1555 and 1931 the Society of Jesus [i.e., the Jesuit Order] was expelled from at least 83 countries, city states and cities, for engaging in political intrigue and subversion plots against the welfare of the State, according to the records of a Jesuit priest of repute [Thomas J. Campbell]. ...Practically every instance of expulsion was for political intrigue, political infiltration, political subversion, and inciting to political insurrection." (1987)

J.E.C. Shepherd (Canadian historian)



Abraham Lincoln

This [American Civil] war [of 1861-1865] would never have been possible without the sinister influence of the Jesuits. We owe it to popery that we now see our land reddened with the blood of her noblest sons. Though there were great differences of opinion between the South and the North on the question of slavery, neither Jeff Davis [President of the Confederacy] nor anyone of the leading men of the Confederacy would have dared to attack the North, had they not relied on the promises of the Jesuits, that under the mask of Democracy, the money and arms of the Roman Catholic, even the arms of France, were at their disposal if they would attack us. I pity the priests, the bishops and monks of Rome in the United States, when the people realize that they are, in great part,

responsible for the tears and the blood shed in this war. I conceal what I know on that subject from the knowledge of the nation, for if the people knew the whole truth, this war would turn into a religious war, and it would at once take a tenfold more savage and bloody character. It would become merciless as all religious wars are. It would become a war of extermination on both sides."

– *Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865; 16th President of the United States)*

"The Jesuits...are a secret society – a sort of Masonic order – with superadded features of revolting odiousness, and a thousand times more dangerous."

– *Samuel Morse (1791-1872; American inventor of the telegraph; author of the book [Foreign Conspiracy Against the Liberties of the United States](#))*

"The Jesuits are a MILITARY organization, not a religious order. Their chief is a general of an army, not the mere father abbot of a monastery. And the aim of this organization is power – power in its most despotic exercise – absolute power, universal power, power to control the world by the volition of a single man [i.e., the Black Pope, the Superior General of the Jesuits]. Jesuitism is the most absolute of despotisms [sic] – and at the same time the greatest and most enormous of abuses."–**Napoleon Bonaparte; 1769-1821**

The Jesuits...are simply the Romish army for the earthly sovereignty of the world in the future, with the Pontiff of Rome for emperor...that's their ideal. ...It is simple lust of power, of filthy earthly gain, of domination – something like a universal serfdom with them [i.e., the Jesuits] as masters – that's all they stand for. They don't even believe in God perhaps."

–*Fyodor Dostoyevsky (1821-1881; Russian novelist)*

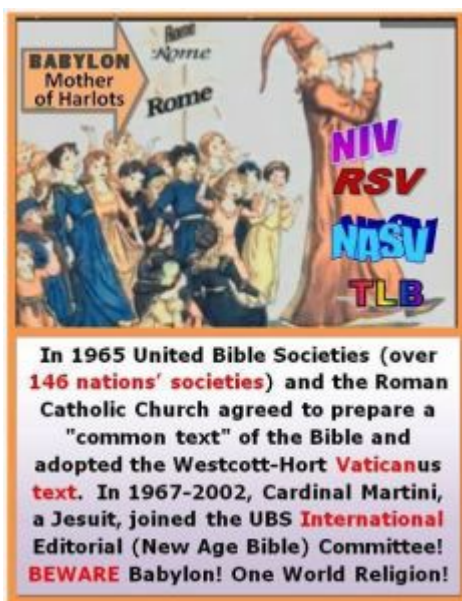
The organization of the [Roman Catholic] Hierarchy is a complete military despotism, of which the Pope is the ostensible [i.e., apparent; seeming] head; but of which, the Black Pope [Ed. Note: The Superior General of the Jesuits], is the real head. The Black Pope is the head of the order of the Jesuits, and is called a General [i.e., the Superior General]. He not only has command of his own order, but [also] directs and controls the general policy of the [Roman Catholic] Church. He [the Black Pope] is the power behind the throne, and is the real potential head of the Hierarchy. The whole machine is under the strictest rules of military discipline. The whole thought and will of this machine, to plan, propose and execute, is found in its head. There is no independence of thought, or of action, in its subordinate parts. Implicit and

unquestioning obedience to the orders of superiors in authority, is the sworn duty of the priesthood of every grade..."

– *Brigadier General* [Thomas M. Harris](#) He wrote the book, "Rome's responsibility for the assassination of Abraham Lincoln" – which exposes the work of the Jesuits

"The presence of the Jesuits in any country, Romanist [i.e., Catholic] or Protestant, is likely to breed social disturbance."--
Lord Palmerston, a British statesman who served twice as Prime Minister of the United Kingdom in the mid-19th century.

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